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States and President of the nation freely acknowledge the loyalty of the Catholic Church to the Republic and the consistent support of Catholic pastors given to correct abuses and reform the moral of the people. And the names that are most revered over the Union by all denominations are Cardinal Gibbons and the great Bishop Ireland, staunch pillars of the Church and true Americans, and both sons of Holy Ireland."

Lovers of Longfellow's verse will not rejoice in this following misquotation of his celebrated lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:
Sailing o'er life's chequered main
Some forlorn or shipwrecked brother
Seeing may take heart again."

We read of "Morian and Sumpter" in the South; of Fort Du Quesne being named "after a French general of that name;" of "Padre" Marquette and "Ioliet;" of Governor "Dunweddie"—the spelling is uniform throughout; of the main body bringing "up the rere;" of "Lough" Erie; of Washington's consort, "Mrs. Custas;" of "Annanopolis;" of "Majors-General" and "Brigadiers-General;" of "Ethel" Allen, and a "yoke of four beautiful horses," and a host of other ludicrous blunders which make the book comic. Nathan Hale is an Irishman, because he came from Connecticut. The battle of "Germanstown" is a delightful piece of comedy. It is really too bad Father Prout is not alive; his review of this disgraceful parody would be classic. The book has no *Imprimatur* and no Index.

The Vassar Semi-Centennial Series. Brissot de Warville. A Story in the History of the French Revolution. By Aloise Ellery, Ph.D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1915. Pp. xix+528.

There are many reasons why this volume will be given a prominent place in American historical literature. Apart from the racy style, without which the book might have been a work of mere erudition, apart from the accurate scientific appa-

ratus upon which the author has built up this brilliant study of Brissot de Warville's life, her work is especially important, because it is the first biography of Brissot to appear in any language. If one considers the eminent rôle de Warville filled from the outbreak of the French Revolution down to the day of his execution in October, 1793, and the diversity of the activities he displayed as humanitarian, journalist, traveler, author and political leader, it is difficult at first sight to understand why his life has never been written. Miss Ellery explains this incongruity by the fact that the diverse sides of his career give it the appearance of lacking symmetry of design, without which no true biography can be attempted. She says, in addition, that his defeat as leader of the Girondin, in particular banished him from the stage of the French Revolution, and that his life is crowded with so many apparent inconsistencies, that it seemed impossible to look upon it as proceeding from any number of given principles.

Jacques Pierre Brissot was born at Chartres, on January 15, 1754. He was the son of humble parents, and through his mother's devotion received an education at the College of Chartres, where his attention was especially given to the study of Latin. At the age of fifteen, he left college and decided to take up the legal profession. Shortly afterwards, he began his studies under one of the best lawyers at Chartres. He soon felt sufficiently sure of his knowledge to publish a short treatise on Canon Law. His interests, however, were not confined solely to legal matters. He began studying the languages, and according to one writer he was a veritable prodigy in learning foreign tongues. He had been fostered and brought up in the Catholic Church; but owing to the influence of the circle in which he lived, he soon lost the Faith, and one of his earliest works is a savage attack on the Christian religion, written in a trenchant and dogmatic tone, which, as he tells us later in his *Memoirs*, had the effect of making the young women of his acquaintance rather afraid of him. His loss of Faith estranged him from his family and was the beginning of that long tragedy which ended with his own execution on the guillotine in Paris. As he himself has well expressed it: from that time he and his family had ceased to speak a common language. This religious difficulty made his home life unhappy, and he left Chartres for Paris. It was while he was still living at Chartres that he added to his name the

quasi-noble title of "de Warville"—the anglicized form of Ouarville, a little village near Chartres where his father possessed some property. He never hearkened to any criticism of this peculiar act, and continued to sign himself "de Warville" to the end of his life.

In 1774 he left Chartres, and the rest of his life, with brief intermissions, was spent at the capital, Paris. Later he became associate editor of a paper published in Boulogne, and it was during this period of his life at Boulogne that he met the young woman that was afterwards to become his wife—Félicité Dupont. His life up to that period was a series of disappointments, with hard times in his endeavor to make ends meet; and there is a touch of humor in Miss Ellery's description: ". . . in his discouragement and loneliness he began to think it would be a comfortable consolation to have a wife to share his troubles." It was at this juncture that he was called home by the last illness of his father, who died in 1779, and as he tells us himself, the softening influence of that occasion was marred by the presence of priests at his father's deathbed. He returned to Paris and began a career of political pamphleteering which brought him much notoriety. On September 17, 1782, he married Félicité Dupont, and it is her mother who alone seems to have had a restraining hand upon him during the rest of his life. His activity as a member of the Constituent Assembly, his conflict with the Convention, his arrest, trial and execution have less interest for the American reader than the chapter which treats of his travels in the United States. No man of his time was more enthusiastic over the young Republic. He admired practically everything in the States. He took a great interest in the Negro Problem, and in his volume *De la France et des Etats Unis*, he shows how profoundly he had studied the history of the origin of this country. There is no doubt now that the book was published as a means of bringing home to the French people the necessity of a French Revolution. He speaks of the commerce which should exist between the two nations, and shows very clearly that he foresaw how closely France and America would be united in the years to come. This increased his desire to make a journey to the United States, and finally in the Spring of 1788, Brissot set out on the *Cato*. After a voyage of fifty-one days, he arrived at Boston on July 24. As Miss Ellery tells us:

"It was to him a moment of supreme happiness. He was fleeing from despotism, and was about to enjoy the life of a people who were in the actual possession of that liberty and equality which everywhere else was regarded as a chimera. He was especially delighted to find himself in Boston, the first city to throw off the yoke of the English. He was charmed he declared, to see how different it was from the disagreeable, noisy whirlpool of Paris. He was especially impressed with the absence of that restless, busy seeking for pleasure which characterized his fellow countrymen." The scheme which Brissot had in mind or rather of which he was the French agent, consisted in speculating on the American debt, and in purchasing western lands for the purpose of immigration. For this reason he brought with him many letters of introduction, and he had the pleasure of meeting men like General Heath, John Adams, Samuel Adams, and Governor Hancock of Massachusetts. He likens men of this type to Cincinnatus, and he becomes so enthusiastic over the simplicity of their lives that the glass of cider, which General Heath handed him, seems superior to the most exquisite wines of France.

After a stay of several weeks in Boston and vicinity, he set out for New York and Philadelphia. The luxury of New York appalls him, and he especially declares that the introduction of carpets in New York seems to have been due to English influence, and he trusts that Boston may never catch the malady. The prevalent use of the cigar disgusted him, although he did see that it might assist reflection. After the luxuries of New York, it was a great relief to visit the Quakers in Pennsylvania.

"Simplicity, candour and good faith characterize the actions, as well as the discourses of the Quakers. They are not affected, but they are sincere; they are not polished, but they are humane; they have not that wit—that sparkling wit—without which a man is nothing in France, and with which he is everything; but they have good sense, sound judgment, upright hearts and honest souls."

One reason for Brissot's keen interest in the Quakers, as the author points out, was their common enthusiasm in work for the abolition of the slave trade and slavery. His warm praise for everything American led him to much extravagance in speech. "In his enthusiasm he was guilty of a good deal of triviality. Liberty, in his opinion, accounted for everything, from the good

temper of the stage-driver to the large size of the windows in the hospitals—both of which, he declared, would be exceptional in a land of despotism. To liberty and equality was due the longevity of the people. To the absence of entire liberty and equality, in the case of women, was due the greater prevalence of consumption among their sex.” There is an excellent appendix of selected letters and other documents, a full bibliography and a complete Index at the back of this volume. The work casts great credit on Vassar and is a model biography in every way.

The Mexican Problem. By Clarence W. Barron, with Introduction by Talcott Williams, LL.D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1917. Pp. xxv+136.

So high an authority on international affairs as Dr. Talcott Williams considers these articles on the *Mexican Problem*, by one of America's best known financial experts as “a clear and wise economic picture of Mexico,” beyond any others that he has read. No other book, he claims, “so grasps the clear, strong fact that Mexico is a hell on earth because Mexico has no law.” It is a vivid picture Mr. Barron gives of Mexico in its dark tragic present, “with cartridges for currency,” and as one falls under the sway of his graphic descriptions, it is hard to resist Dr. William's conclusion that the Mexican people should be given the same chance which was given to the people of Cuba.

There has always been a close connection between New England and Mexico. Fifty years ago the people of New England were giving lavishly to Protestant missionaries who had returned from Mexico to collect money, in order that they might “help spread truth and light before our fellow-man and brother over our southern border.” Forty years ago came the appeal for railroads, and millions of New England dollars were poured into the project, which was not unlinked with religious “futures.” There are seventeen million people in Mexico—ten million pure Aztecs, five million of partially Spanish origin, and two million pure Spanish and other foreigners. Where formerly it was estimated that there were fifty thousand Americans, there are not now five thousand. It is this motley of population which is the most difficult of all Mexico's problems, and the question of amalgamation appeals to many, particularly to the American east of the